But now you haue it take it.

Dio: VVhoſe was it?

Creſ: And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
And by her ſelfe I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy: VVert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challengd.

Creſ: VVell, well, tis done, tis paſt and yet it is not,
I will not keepe my word.

Dio: VVhy then farewell, thou neuer ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Creſ: You ſhall not goe: one cannot ſpeake a word but it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio: I doe not like this fooling.

Ther: Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.

Dio: VVhat ſhall I come? the houre--

Creſ: I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I ſhall be plagued.

Dio: Farewell till then.

Creſ: Good night, I prethee come:
Troylus farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee,
Ah poore our ſex, this fault in vs I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind,
VVhat error leads muſt erre: O then conclude,
,, Mindes ſwayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther: A proofe of ſtrength, ſhe could not publiſh more,
Vnleſſe ſhee ſaid my mind is now turn'd whore.

Vliſ: All's done my Lord. *Troy:* It is,

Vliſ: VVhy ſtay we then?

Troy: To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſillable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did Court,
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth,
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinatly ſtrong,
That doth inuert th'atteſt of eyes and eares,

As